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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

JANUARY 25, 1935

CARL
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PROSTITUTES IN RED

BY W. K. BASSETT

"MOONEY'S BODY
WILL ROT IN JAIL" SAYS
LINCOLN STEFFENS

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

VOLUME II

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1935

NUMBER 4

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NOTES AND COMMENT

NOW THAT the United States Supreme Court has "admonished" the State of California in the case of Tom Mooney, in his nineteenth year in San Quentin penitentiary for a crime that it is virtually certain he did not commit, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the staunchest representative of Big Business which put Mooney in jail, comes forth with a front-page editorial and says:

"Commute the (Mooney's) sentence, without explanation, to the time already served, and turn Mooney loose." (The *Chronicle* printed it "lose", and Mr. Mooney would appreciate the irony in that.)

That, of course, is not what Mooney wants—merely to be turned loose; a sentence that was a travesty in the first place, commuted. But Big Business, voicing its perturbability in the *Chronicle*, is growing concerned over this Mooney case. The matter appears to be getting away from it. Mooney continues to stand in San Quentin as a constant reminder to the people of the methods and meanness of Big Business. Set him free, for God's sake, cries Business, but don't let us be kept awake nights any longer by this constant nightmare. But—and here's the way it is expressed in the *Chronicle* editorial:

"On the side of justice, those who have been crying to 'free Mooney' would have him free, but they would not have the 'confession of injustice' by California which is their real object. That, they ought not to have."

So? And by the shades of Charley and Mike DeYoung, why shouldn't they? Mooney was sent to jail on perjured testimony. That has been admitted by those who did the perjury. The judge, the jurors, the prosecutors who sent him there admit their belief that he is innocent. They all admit the injustice. Only Big Business and its mouthpiece, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, will not admit it.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS informs us that Mrs. Lucretia Haughman Stetson, wife of G. Henry Stetson, wealthy member of the hat manufacturing family, is suing her husband for separate maintenance, charging that he preferred to dine with servants. That's undoubtedly important to Mrs. Stetson, but did it ever occur to you that G. Henry always has to wear a hat. Even on the finest of days he has to wear

a hat. He has to make it appear that wearing a hat is precisely the proper thing to do; an expedient conducive to right living, advancement of civilization, and so on. He has to make it appear that wearing a hat is a mark of refinement. He must have to wear it jauntily, so to speak; he really should be quite wonderful at wearing hats. And he has to present a perpetual frown in the presence of anyone who doesn't wear a hat; to be aloof and disdainful in the company of anyone who makes a practice of not wearing a hat.

MR. MERRIAM and other state officials properly concerned are agitating for a federal-built penitentiary for southern California. Is this a step in renewal of the move to have the people south of the Tehachapi take themselves off and form a separate commonwealth? Certainly now that felons are felons and becoming an increasing coterie in our social scheme, you couldn't ask Los Angeles to set up an empire without a place to put them when she caught them. And why hasn't some San Franciscan discovered that it's the Los Angeles-bred inmates of San Quentin who are responsible for the trouble in the prison—the Los Angeles chamber of commerce probably smuggling in anti-San Francisco bay propaganda?

SCOTT NEARING is authority, and we wouldn't want a better one, for the statement that in Soviet Russia today any man or woman who wants to work can find a job and earn enough money thereby to keep himself in comfort and keep any minor dependent on him in comfort. He is authority for the statement that an assertion that thousands of people in Russia are starving today is a lie. And we believe that, too. If you could sit in a room face to face with Scott Nearing and ask him questions, something incontrovertible would convince you that he is telling you the truth in his answers. He says that the Russian people are generally quite satisfied with their lot; that they are a happy people, in fact, and, above all, that they are a busy people. He says that the largest general store he ever saw is in Moscow; that the fresh fruit department in that store has a constant display of fruit that slants back twelve feet and up to the wall behind; that in the bakery department there are more different kinds of bread and cake than he has ever seen anywhere. Then, in answer to the question: "But are there any customers?" he says: "It's like a funeral; you have to fight your way through the crowds of people."

He says that artists, poets, musicians and ballet dancers are privileged in pay from the government, but that this raises no danger of a privileged class because the pay does not permit them to save large sums and that the privilege is in no way hereditary. He says that a reporter on the *Moscow News* said to him: "I get so much money I'm ashamed to take it."

He says that Great Britain's greatest concern today is the Soviet Union; that the smashing of Russia is England's problem No. 1. He says that he is convinced that it was England which prevented Japan forcing war on Russia a few years ago in her effort to take part of Siberia; that England probably said this, in a sense, to Japan:

"Our most pressing problem is to crush the Soviet Union. To crush it successfully we must strike from the East front and West front simultaneously. Your job will be the East front and if you get into a war with Russia now and come off

second best, your power to strike when the psychological time comes will be crippled."

He says that England is not yet ready for the drive on the West front; that she must have the help of the European powers and that means that she must have the help of Germany. France could not go in without Germany because she could not march into Russia with an enemy at her back. Either they must convince Germany, or France must destroy her and partition her territory. Germany now offers her help on one condition—that she be permitted to arm. The nations are stuck there.

IN TALKING about the future of the Pacific, Mr. Nearing says that the two empires of the United States and Japan are contending for dominance. He says that it is not so much an economic dominance, as a moral dominance; that history records no vast body of water on which two empires ever long shared control. Rome and Carthage fought for more than one hundred years for dominance of the Mediterranean and although the struggle nearly ruined Rome it wiped out Carthage. England has never relinquished control of the Atlantic and never will. Japan will not sit back and see the United States dominate the Pacific. She now demands naval parity with the United States and England, but she could not maintain it if granted. In her present economic condition she could not build ships to equal the naval strength of America and England, and President Roosevelt has said that for every four keels Japan lays down we'll lay down five.

Mr. Nearing says that on his recent return from Russia he spoke in 26 cities and towns in Canada from Montreal to Vancouver. His subject was "The Economic Significance of the Soviet Union". Not once was there a disturbance. Large audiences heard him and no attempt was made to prevent him speaking, or was there any indication of a protest. He crossed the border into the United States of America and in the state of Washington his first meeting was stopped by the police and the American Legion.

A dispatch from Washington the past week quotes Harry L. Hopkins, relief administrator, to the effect that the number in the United States "on relief has increased to more than 19,500,000". We wonder if the "economic significance of the Soviet Union" could have any bearing on solving our problem. The police and the American Legion refuse to permit us to find out.

BUT WE are broadening out in the matter of tolerance. It wasn't so many years ago when a whisper of divorce or marital estrangement in the immediate or near family of a public man meant political oblivion for him. The Roosevelt band wagon seems to roll merrily on despite all sorts of matrimonial upheavals. And Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Dahl did, after all, marry the newspaperman the papers all said she was planning to marry, when her mother, the very First Lady of the Land, remarked caustically to press inquiries, "I'm sure I know nothing about it." Things are getting broader still when they do these things without their mothers knowing anything about it. And didn't Mrs. Dahl, that was, a short time ago write a magazine article on "The Psychology of Child Training" or with some such title?

LAST SUNDAY "Orthodox Greeks observed Epiphany with a traditional ritual when a gold and silver crucifix was tossed into New York bay for sturdy volunteers to dive and grapple for. In the pelting rain the most Rev. Arsenios, bishop of Brooklyn and New Jersey, stepped onto a raft as hundreds lined the shore", and tossed the crucifix into the

water. Apparently that's some form of Christian worship. Wonder if that mild and quite unostentatious son of the Nazarene carpenter looks down and blames himself for starting this sort of thing.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

THE Supreme Court of the United States must believe in the Law: even in California. It has decided, after study, that Tom Mooney is entitled to habeas corpus: "he should have his own body"; that high court holds that the perjured testimony upon which he was railroaded is still perjured; time has not cured that; but that the State Supreme Court should review his case and do him justice, not the United States Supreme Court. Mooney seems to believe that now at last, with this decision, he may get out. I don't. I think that Tom must be pretty innocent to think such a thought after all these years of experience with the law and our courts.

It wasn't the Law that "got" that old labor leader; it was Business, the employers, and they were and they are after him for a crime—not murder; not breaking up a pro-war procession; not treason to a patriotic folly—but a crime that he did commit. (They don't mind little misdemeanors like murder and treason; they do worse themselves.) No, Tom Mooney was a loyal labor leader who caused Business a lot of trouble and might make more. He was guilty of the same offense for which seventeen so-called communists are on trial in Sacramento. The Supreme Court of the United States may know the law theoretically but obviously it is not a practical body and the California Supreme Court is. I think Mooney's body will stay in prison to rot with the seventeen and more labor agitators the state is preparing to ship off now on the same old railroad that landed Tom in the penitentiary a generation ago.

THIS COUNTRY has been finding a use for the United States army and I have no doubt that the officers and the men are glad of it. Called upon to help, the soldiers took part in the search we had to make for a woman's body. They didn't find the body but the army did so well that here last week we called them out again to find a missing man. They didn't find him either, but it was a beautiful hunt. The Carmel Fire Department isn't nearly so picturesque in such matters but it always finds the game.

KANSAS has introduced bills in its legislature to revive the death penalty and hang its criminals. This is a sign of the movement back to killing; back to force and violence by the people that don't believe in force and violence.

JOSEPH PILSUDSKI, the dictator of Poland, is ailing to such a degree that the Associated Press reports it. As an old newspaper man I should say that that meant that we might be nearing the end of one of our greatest dictators. Pilsudski started his career as a Socialist and so many Socialists have become reactionary capitalist dictators that it's no wonder that in all countries except the United States fear of Socialism is gone.

S.F.B.MORSE announces that he and the Del Monte Properties Company are getting good and fed-up with the stench of the fisheries business and want it stopped. That looks as if it might be stopped. I'm sorry. I've always liked to get

whiffs of that business. It's much more distinct than most businesses. It's so clear and sincere that the citizens of Monterey can detect it and they have been protesting for years. They had no influence, however. The cannery canners them as they did the fish. Now that the next biggest business is against it the cannery business will have to do something. And the citizens of Monterey can rest.

THE AMERICAN Liberty League, that obvious Fascist organization out East, has no idea evidently that it is Fascist. Just like our local Fascists they are perfectly innocent. They have been cautioning the Congress against the President, asking them to hold on to their powers most jealously and not let Mr. Roosevelt blur the original line between the legislative and the executive branches of our Government. They are going to be terribly surprised when our dictator arrives and abolishes all our legislatures.

"THEY" ARE trying under Hearst to stop John Strachey's lectures. Of course that will only help him to fill his halls, but it may prevent him from getting his halls. It's too bad to interfere with Strachey. He is a polished, aristocratic Englishman, out of one of those swell old families that breed true like the Darwins, the Huxleys, the Haldanes, the Russells (How do they do that in England? We can do it, too, but not every time the way the British can.) It would do us good to be allowed to hear Strachey. He is a Communist and talks Communism, but he came to it through Fascism, and Americans must not fear Communism which will never get them. I have seen them hear the truth many times and always they go right back to the Republican or Democratic party. I would trust us to hear anything or anybody.

I CAN remember the day when Huey Long would have been a political boss, but now it's different. In those good old days of the bosses, a man like Huey Long would have kept his mouth shut and run things for profit only and all the big interests and little grafters would have collected around and profited by and supported him. They're doing that, evidently, for Huey. The only difference is that the Boss of Louisiana talks where the old bosses kept their mouths shut. The old bosses produced a tremendous effect by keeping still. Huey Long and the others of his type have had more effect, I think, by being demagogues. It's one of the most significant developments of our day, this transition from the boss to the dictator. In the olden days we didn't know we had dictators and in some ways that was much better. I remember also the days when Americans were shocked when Italy and Germany and Spain were reported to have dictators. "We'll never have a dictator here," you have heard Americans say, but then you still hear Americans say that.

BILL ROGERS, the son of his father, Will Rogers, is down here this week telling us all about their trip around the world, especially about the part of it which covered Russia. Bill saw something which he admires and would like to import. Think of importing an institution or an idea or anything else from that terrible country. I'll bet his father would never be guilty of such a thought. The institution young Bill covets—the institutions, really—there were two of them—were first a seesaw that turned clear over and back; and second, a parachute, a fake parachute, but it dropped you so fast and far and safely that it was thrilling. This young man who is so much like his father that he's a born showman would like to set up these thrillers somewhere in America. Coney Island, for example. I think myself it would pay.

I don't mean to say by this that the two Rogerses didn't get any other ideas on their trip across Siberia.

SCOTT NEARING turned out to be very optimistic, safe

and right after all; he said the Fascist state might go on for five hundred years. He thought an ideal state like Russia was inevitable in the long run, but he also thought that the run might be long, too. There were vigilantes in the hall at his lecture but they couldn't deal with that. You can't arrest a man or break up a meeting when his lecture is so reassuring as that. We really ought to hear Strachey here.

THE 100 PER CENT ! GREET'S THE SEASON

Fellow Citizens:

A revolutionary movement agitates
The sacred soil of these United States!

Though to restore prosperity to the Nation
We need a period of sane starvation,
An underground conspiracy's revealed
Which would put grass and grain in every
field

And flowers and even fruit on every tree,
By methods foreign to Democracy!

Let us unite to smash this evil force
Which, Bolshevik in origin, of course,
Is every day more gravely menacing
The peace of our fair country. *Down with
Spring!*

--MARIE DE L. WELCH

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POWER

BY D. T. MAC DOUGAL

ALL the power used by man, whether he develops it by flexing his own muscles, driving an ox, firing a steam boiler, sparking an internal combustion engine, or harnessing a waterfall, is derived originally from the sun.

The story of the never-ceasing effort to make less use of human muscles and more use of the muscular efforts and products of other animals, and to utilize the power accumulated in wood, stored in coal, lignite and oil is a history of the industrial advance which is so marked a feature of our civilization.

The manner in which the energy of sunlight of certain wave-lengths is used by leaf-green in living plants in converting carbon dioxide of the air, water and mineral salts from the soil into woody tissue is a separate story of processes imperfectly known, but which has been told many times—most recently in my "Green Leaf".

For the present we must content ourselves with the knowledge that these products of lush life in past geologic time have been converted into coal-beds, surface deposits of peat, and subterranean lakes of oil. Realization of the serious depletions of the forest reserves, and consumption of these accumulated stores of energy has resulted in a movement to conserve all natural resources, while at the same time it has turned attention more and more to the possibilities of using energy derived directly from sunlight instead of depending upon the products of its uneconomical use by the plant, and the additional wastage in getting power from wood, coal and oil. For be it known, nature is not thrifty, at least not on man's account. Of the flood of energy which pours down unceasingly on the surface of the spinning globe, to the vast total of 250,000 million horse-power, only the minutest fraction of this incomprehensible amount is absorbed by green plants with resultant leaf-products useful to man. An additional fraction evaporates water from the surfaces of oceans, seas, lakes, and moist soils, raising it as vapor to form clouds from which is condensed and flows down water courses, being sparingly converted into power. The movements of the tides not yet made available are also a possible source of power.

The amount of energy of sunlight and the wave-lengths in which it comes to the earth have been made known by the scientist long ago. Coincidentally the inventors have set themselves at the task of perfecting schemes for developing power directly from sunlight. Sunlight was first used experimentally to heat steam boilers with an arrangement of flocks of mirrors by which the light falling on a large area was concentrated as by a burning glass.

Incidentally, as a minor but interesting result, water may be heated for household use in solariums, as is done in Arizona, and small ovens can be constructed in which baking and cooking might be carried on, and these might be operated in Carmel on a clear day.

Later schemes were tried for making chemical compounds by the use of solar energy, after the general procedure in the green leaf with no results of practical value. Finally a means of conversion of the sun's energy into electric current was sought.

The most recent invention is that which has been announced by Dr. Ellis Manning of the General Electric Research Laboratories. In this scheme light passing through a layer of

the metal selenium so thin as to present a layer no more than thirty molecules in thickness, sets up an electric current when it strikes the surface of a plate of much denser metal platinum underneath. Such a photo-electric cell with an area equal to that of one side of a postal card developed enough power to drive a small electric motor. A surface equivalent to a little more than half the area of a city lot (or 3,000 square feet) would develop one horse-power. Many cities are doing nothing so profitable at the present time.

Now the sunlight which falls on an acre carries energy equivalent to 400 horse-power. Of this total a photo-electric cell of the type described, covering the acre, would develop about 16 horse-power. In other words, a square mile of this new sun converter would deliver 10,000 horse-power. South-western deserts may yet be the scene of power developments of such magnitude as to make the Boulder Dam seem puny in comparison.

Implicit in every sentence of the foregoing is the assumption that the eternal quest for more energy to be converted into power for man's use in obtaining food, clothing, shelter, security, comfort and peace will go on unceasingly as it has from the earliest recorded time. Such a quest is unseparable from our civilization.

It is true that some civilizations in which a dominant class has used the power of the bodies of slaves, as might have been done with draft animals, have achieved greatness. A few human minds have soared to unmatched heights in such a setting, but the crumbling mementoes of man-power cultures strew continents in both hemispheres.

It is difficult to take seriously the proposal to discard power-driven machines and turn back to the ways of the Stone Age to seek happiness and prosperity: that way goes toward all but perpetual hunger, physical hardship and unchecked disease: a way of life hardly so goodly as that of our domestic animals. Any economic plan which involves a disregard of available power, or the use of machines instead of human muscles or which seeks to limit production of materials which are recognizable as satisfying normal or major human needs is foredoomed to failure and potent with disaster to the people concerned.

Inventive genius has developed machinery for utilizing power in the production of material to meet all physical needs of the race, even if the present 2,000 million people on the earth should reach the theoretically possible total of 8,000 millions. In solving scientifically the derivation of power we are dealing with the mightiest forces known to us. We may bring oil from deeply lying strata, dam our rivers, harness the tides, domesticate the sun, tap the internal heat of the earth, but we have ahead of us the task of devising an adequate scheme for coordinated action. The problem is a stiff one since it involves a human equation. The fate of our civilization hangs on the competency of the solution. It has been made abundantly clear by governmental experiments in the last twenty months that the way to well-being lies not in the restriction or destruction of the things contributory to it, but in the proper distribution and allotment of the products of the skilful use of power.

PROSTITUTES IN RED

BY W. K. BASSETT

MUCH of the actual material labor of propagating capitalism, profitism, fascism, Americanism and patriotism in these United States is in the hands of its enemies.

Should a "Red" army suddenly spring up tomorrow and start on a march to Washington, in the van thereof would be thousands of American newspapermen and women.

William Randolph Hearst himself is keeping alive a band of radicals sufficiently large to storm and take a good-sized city without re-inforcements from the proletariat.

The journalistic prostitutes of America today form the bulwark of liberal—yes, anarchist—thought.

I do not call them prostitutes with any degree of opprobrium. To the contrary, my attitude toward them is one of sympathy and understanding. It had better be. For the greater part of twenty-eight years I was one of them, a prostitute, too, and I learned to loathe what I was doing just as they loathe it. They continue to do it because by training and temperament it is all they know how to do—newspaper work. They are babes in the woods in most any other job. Occasionally they drift off to be chamber of commerce publicity men, public relations executives for corporations, even secretaries to Presidents, but they are never happy outside of a local room, and they prefer the prostitution with a bit of excitement thrown in to that drab and dull variety provided by the hokum of a chamber of commerce and the public service corporation.

But the interesting thing about it is what this prostitution breeds; what it nurtures and the kind of men and women who are its products. It is not only interesting; it is amusing to the point of absurdity. Here we have the newspapers of America, led by Mr. Hearst, seeing Red and justifiably seeing Red, frantically battling against Communism and liberal thought; against free speech on the street and in the colleges; against the threatening revolution of the masses—frantically battling for a perpetuation of capitalism, or the inauguration of fascism; for the continuance of the regime of the ruling classes which has made such a mess and muddle of the economic scheme—here we have the newspapers spreading propaganda which, it is hoped and prayed, will stay the flood of protest welling up from the slough of despond throughout the nation—and the men and women who are the direct instruments in the fight, who are actually writing the colored stories and the truth-hiding and lying headlines are as radical and socialistic a group of individuals as you can find in any line of human endeavor in the land.

What I mean is this: On the editorial page of the San Francisco *Examiner* last Saturday there was an eight-column spread of thirty-point type, telling us what General George Washington said to C. C. Pinckney on July 8, 1796. It was high up toward the zenith of Mr. Hearst's absurdities. As though anything that General Washington said or what he thought in 1796 has any bearing whatever on the problems of a day which he could not possibly conceive one hundred and forty years ago! A newspaperman had to write the headline on that ridiculous spread and he had to prepare the copy for the composing room, and I'll bet my son's electric train against a pair of dice that he was pretty damned disgusted at having to do it. How he must have thought to himself: "More bunk, more sentimental flapdoodle; more of the childish Hearst brand of propaganda meant to impress the poor benighted duffer

who still sees nothing but the glory in Old Glory and thinks George Washington was some kind of a god."

The two right-hand columns on the same page were given over to some rear admiral, one Clark H. Woodward, a member, God help us, of the Navy General Board. The poor admiral hands out this bit of enlightenment (can't you hear him reading it to his wife before he mailed it to Mr. Hearst?) "Communism—the 'Red Peril'—is rife, and even our beloved land (voice tremulous and pause for her sigh of approbation here) has suffered considerably from its baneful and pernicious influence."

A newspaperman, trying his best to be self-respecting, had to write a headline on that, too, and prepare it for the composing room, and, being intelligent; probably said to himself: "Yeah, our beloved land has suffered from Communism all right; seven million men out of work because of Communism; people on the verge of starvation because of Communism; millions forced to accept charity from a begrudging government because of Communism; thousands ruined financially because of Communism; mills closed because of Communism—Oh, yeah?" But he writes a strong head to give the American Legion and the D.A.R. and the Grey Shirts and the Elks and the Eagles courage—"World Menace", he writes, and sends the copy out double-leaded with a black-face byline, "By Rear Admiral Clark H. Woodward, U.S.N." and adds, probably aloud to the copy-desk: "Here's another representative of the third intelligence—military intelligence; the other two being human and animal."

And I'm not quoting him from information furnished by a little bird. I'm quoting him from my experience of more than a quarter of a century in newspaper work, alongside these prostitutes—as one of them. I have in mind, as I write, the copy desk in a newspaper local room in a New England metropolitan city. I can see those men sitting around that desk, handling the telegraph and local news. It occurs to me that any one of them is more thoughtful, more intelligent, than the owner, general manager and managing editor of his paper put together. Those men are handling fascist, capitalist red-baiting bunk night after night; putting it into shape for the linotypes; writing heads on it with their tongues in their cheeks; with a certain sense of disgust, or with resentment at what they are compelled to do to earn their daily bread. I do not believe that there is one of them who is not a radical in mind and who would not be militantly radical if the safe occasion arose. And in my mind's eye I look around that local room and on the staff of reporters I find the same situation. Men whose typewriters are forced to protect the Big Business of the town; to bear down hard on the textile workers; to make every appeal for decent wages a red-directed move of incipient revolution; to picture every strike against unfairness a riot. And from the lips of those men I have heard the expressions of contempt for a newspaper that has so little honor; so little sense of responsibility to the citizens to whom it purports to give the news.

Is it any surprise that the newspapers build up and foster radicalism and communism among their employees? This case I have cited is no isolated one. In every metropolitan area in America the situation is the same. On every newspaper where I have worked I have found the same high percentage of radically-minded men and women, created by the dishonor

of their capitalist employers. I say positively and I say it from what I know—that there is no group of workers in any line of trade or business or profession in this country more thoroughly liberal, more socialistically inclined, more bitterly opposed to capitalistic government than the men and women who make up the staffs of the daily newspapers of America.

And I ask again: isn't it a natural corollary of the conditions under which they work, of the atmosphere of bunk and deliberate deceit which surrounds them? They see the bunk and write it; they meet it in the men and women they interview; they are steeped in it by the pap they write in the interests of advertisers, and, above all, they are disgusted witnesses of it when a peanut managing editor rushes in at press time to superintend the re-construction of a headline that too nearly tells the truth. They are forced to build up the propaganda; to make it; to dress it up for public consumption. Small wonder that they get red; that they should see the necessity for getting red.

Take the two reporters whom Mr. Hearst's New York Journal masqueraded as prospective college students and sent to bait a professor of Columbia University. One of them, questioned by the professor who was suspicious, admitted that he was there on orders from his city desk. "Personally," he said, "I am not in sympathy with this sort of thing—in fact, quite the opposite, but Mr. Hearst wants to get material along this line."

The italics are mine. "Quite the opposite," said the Hearst reporter, and he was honest about it. He has many brothers and not a few sisters in the New York Journal office who think "quite the opposite", too. You'd be surprised! I repeat: Mr. Hearst is providing the livelihoods of hundreds of men and women who know him for what he is; know his papers for what they are, and if by some miracle they could find themselves suddenly independent of him and his payroll, would stand en masse and brand him the greatest single menace to the hope of humanity in America today.

These have been generalities; true, but only a bird's-eye view of the picture. I plan to go farther than this. I plan to tell my story of twenty-eight years in the local rooms of American newspapers. And I do not intend to be sketchy about it. I have been told that some of those years are thrilling and I know that I was thrilled by them. I have worked on newspapers in four far-flung cities in this country—San Francisco, Honolulu, Boston and Providence. I have done nothing remarkable myself, perhaps, but I have been in the center of remarkable doings. None has been more remarkable than the step by step of journalistic decay which has marked the years since I first walked into a local room in 1906. There is much in those years of which I am not particularly proud; there is much I would quite readily forget, but my derelictions are neither as important nor as shameful as those of the newspapers for which I have worked. My story will probably break no journal, perhaps not even create a change in its balance sheet, but if it will win over to distrust of newspaper propaganda, ten citizens of this fairish land; if it will spike one gun of journalism's crooked battery; if it will give to a single human being a conception of the methods and diabolical deceptions employed to create false opinions and unjustifiably arouse public furor; if it will lead one individual into the factories of lies, news distortion and news suppression and simple cowardice—well, that won't be so bad, and I shall be shot happy.

So "Twenty-Eight Years in a News Room" will begin in the February 15 issue of PACIFIC WEEKLY.

BUBBLES OF LIFE

MORE LETTERS FROM AN ART STUDENT

DEAR Margaret: This business of having a really-real sculptor for a teacher is—well, I don't know how to describe it. I had no idea what a tremendous difference it would make to have a man who is sure, and steady, real and strong. Fridays are the days when he comes down from New York, and we all wait sort of breathlessly until he comes in, and then listen hard, because he says such important and sort of startling things in a most casual way. And he gets you all stirred up—he's so enthusiastic and happy about the work.

Sometimes I think it would be better if I were just beginning—I wouldn't have to unlearn some bad habits I have. I knew I wasn't on the right track in St. Louis, but couldn't seem to manage it alone, and now I wonder whether I'll ever get there, now that I begin to see the way I ought to go.

You know we sculptors get, naturally, a special "kick" out of form. We can love music or poetry or painting, and get a great deal from them but we are especially tuned to, or sensitive to, form. Abstract arrangements of form—masses, weights, give us something, stir us up inside—or whatever it is that happens—abstract forms, as in chemical crystal growths—bottles—glasses—architecture, buildings, and forms—balanced and designed, weighed one against the other in sculpture—figures, etc.

This is just the beginning of a letter I started several days ago.
Love to all,

Helen.

... This is a dandy building. I'm on the sixteenth floor—yes, located the fire escape just around the corner, and from the map I got this morning I would say that it is the Delaware River and Petty Island that I can see in the distance, while right below me is the Academy.

Slept several hours Saturday afternoon, had supper, and then unpacked. Which was rather difficult for when the trunk is in the room there is no place for me. Well, suspended on the corner of the bed I got it emptied, and everything stacked away. Ma God what a lot of stuff! I'll never wear it all.

Without the trunk the room is just right size, with a bed, dresser with five drawers, a neat little desk and chair, lamps, and dandy pale bluish walls and cream-colored ceiling. Thank goodness in modern buildings like this they don't put hideous wall paper, but simply paint the walls. The yellow tea-pot set sits on top of the chest of drawers, my other junk on the desk, books on the window sill. The window I prefer without curtains. It's a very nice affair, the kind that opens in the middle like a door! and has nice sized divisions made by metal strips.

There are plenty of people living here, all young, and nice looking. First five floors are devoted to the Navy! Then men, us and married couples—lots of them, looking very happy.

I guess by this time—if you have gotten this far—you are cursing the teacher who forgot to teach me penmanship at Bristol. Well, it's not her fault, I take all the blame myself—(proudly patting my chest!)

Hart work tomorrow so then I'll be very busy—very—
Helen.

Dear Family—another scrawl:

After a week and a day I know that this half year or year(?) will mean a great, great deal. Whatever qualms of whatever

they were that the Pater had about the value of this splurge might have been, or, rather, lack—set him right. It is what I need and desire.

Walter Hancock is a beautifully strong man, young yet oldish, with a rather sad, calm reserve about him, but terribly understanding. He was at school Friday and talked to each of us individually. I had a good interview (I don't like that word) with him—about what I knew—what I wanted to know—and what I wanted to do. Today he came into our head class and criticized! It is tremendously exciting to hear a man talk who, you feel, knows the truth of the whole business. And I think Hancock does! It will no longer be a question of fighting against, but on of working with—mutually discovering the way. Rather he is leading or showing the way I desire to go. At least for a while that is the path I'll follow—if you understand what I mean. It is all rather hard to say.

Yesterday, being Sunday, I squandered a whole dime on a New York Times. What a remarkable paper! Staggering under its weight I got it up to my room and there, surrounded by it, read and read and read—until time for dinner. It will take me a week to read it all, and then, I might send the interesting sections, editorials, book reviews, magazines on to you all. If you had that paper on Sunday, Daddy, you'd never get any horseshoes pitched or garden weeded.

We seem to be headed rather toward wholesale Social Credit propaganda or, I suppose, they would rather call it Social Credit education. Looking at current magazines in the library I found several articles about it while the Times is full of it. One article mentions Roosevelt, Congress and Father Coughlin as all doing it. Hooray! Just what you said all along.

Also see revolution in Spain. Let's hope they set up a good Soviet Socialist Society—another Hooray!

Sunday afternoon—it was an extra glorious day. I walked way up the parkway to the art museum. It's up on a sort of a hill and one can look back at the tall city buildings and get a new view of the place where we live. There I met a couple of art students from West Virginia, and after seeing what the museum had to offer—that is, sort of making a cataloguing tour of the place, finding out what we could see there—we went and sat on the edge of a little bluff over the Schuylkill River which has a beautiful dam just at the art museum, and we watched two canoes with sails on them have a wonderful time in the nice stiff breeze. There is a nice little park about the museum by the river and millions of rather dirty city children race all about, climbing all over the bronze sphinxes, and playing in the poison ivy. Four little colored boys trying to teach a fifth how to smoke—all not over eight or nine years old—and so on.

In the open block, right in front of the "Y", all the unemployed sit and just sit some more. At noon usually some rather hectic, starved looking man gets up and talks to them from a stand, but I think they have almost lost the ability to get stirred up. If I could only mind my own business and quit worrying about every sad looking person I see I'd be a lot better off.

Dick called up Saturday morning and so I went down to see him, leaving my room in one ungodly mess. I had been over to Wanamaker's to buy some golushes because Philadelphia seems to be a rainy city. And is that a classy store! I got there at nine, just as it opened, and one is greeted by a twenty-piece orchestra, while all the rest of the day a huge organ in the center of the building plays. Well, I got what I wanted, so now I'll have dry feet, and also a box of Lux—came home, washed out all my clothes and was sitting in the

midst of damp underwear when Dick called.

And was I surprised to hear that Jean was the first special maid. I'll bet she looked wonderful—but how's she going to work this society business and school and writing—I guess she won't write. Oh, well, more power to her. We had lunch and then went over to see Anne who is getting settled at the College Club. Both of them were in quite an excitement over the ball game, and we listened to it over a dandy portable radio that Anne has—what a game, 10 to 4 (?)!! And then after it stopped raining, just at dusk, I took a long walk alone. Bought myself some apples and eating one as I walked, felt very happy because everything smelled so nice and I like Philadelphia streets. Now its time to eat again.

Love

Helen.

P.S.—Please send the camera and a pack of films and get Jack to buy some biology note book paper for me, with lines.

Don't you think I'm doing quite well in this letter-writing business? Don't leave my garbage can of clay behind when you move—it's really quite valuable! And just to get you all hot and bothered, especially mother, I'll tell you that I'm looking around for a cheaper place to stay—with board. Eighty-five cents a day for food is too much. This is just a warning!

JOHN'S AWAY

BY CONSTANCE HARRIS

It's Sunday and John's away today. He's with a group of men at an outing. After making necessary arrangements he wished he'd decided to stay home. Very seldom does he go away. He likes home. He likes to cook. He likes to see the house in order. Also, he likes me, his wife.

John's a salesman. He works hard and tries to save money. He has a pleasing personality and the respect of all who know him. He looks clean and talks of doing right by his fellow men. He converses readily, smokes profusely and drinks occasionally. He says himself he's "a good egg", and "true blue" as far as I'm concerned—and we've been married five years. He believes that without him I'd fall into slovenly ways and that the money I earn at the office would be squandered foolishly. He feels the responsibility of my well-being. Frequently, he says he loves me.

John's particular about details. His clothes are immaculate, his appearance faultless. As his wife I am expected to maintain a certain dignity, to dress correctly and to say "the right" thing. Whenever we are with people, he watches me carefully in order to come to my rescue should I overstep the bounds of propriety. Since I lack respect for certain customs and traditions, he fears I'll insult someone. Then, too, as he's told me many times, he fears I'll "talk over someone's head". Even now I can't figure out just what he means by this for I'm a simple person speaking and seeking, to the best of my ability, only the truth. For instance, I'd like to know why mothers love their children. Is it due to possessive pride? Is it because the children howl, laugh and cry? So do the young of all species. Why do mothers often lack reason? But John objects to my seeking information. He's uneasy when I mingle with his friends. These and other problems puzzle me.

John's extremely sensitive. Every hairpin on the floor, every button off his shirt, every hole in his sock, every chair out of

place he interprets as a personal insult. He says these things show I have no consideration for him. He won't believe when I tell him I'm just plain negligent. He spends a great deal of energy explaining to me the duties of a wife. For hours at a stretch he tries to educate me. Again and again he repeats, "co-operation . . . respect for the home . . . a little consideration for me . . . be like other people . . . we'll never get ahead . . . you won't find any men who'd treat you as I do . . . try to help you . . . give you constructive criticism . . . " Silently, I listen.

John's proud of me sometimes. Occasionally he compliments me on my good judgment. If I suppress spontaneous thoughts and actions, if I become as a machine motivated by rigid rules, if I smile only when I'm smiled at, if I assent to all opinions, then he bestows upon me his approval. Although of late I'm learning how to please, difficult is the way; so John continues to instruct.

But today John's away and I hear only the ticking of the clock—so quiet and so still is all about me. As I gaze upon once-familiar objects that until this moment aroused associations charged with thoughts of John, I know. After five long years of seeking now at last I know.

Since John's away today, another self, a self almost forgotten, steps forth, moves and lives. She sees a hairpin in the corner on the floor, smiles and says, "Innocent little hairpin, gravity's responsible for your being there so low. Blessed be gravity. Were it not for your protecting force, we'd all be hurled away in space. Glorious are the workings of the universal laws. All that happens is ordained by law."

When John went away today, I intended to be free, to take down my hair, to walk in the wind and sing. But now, knowing that justice presides over all creation I sing another song—a song that few can hear and fewer comprehend.

In just a little while John is coming home.

LORD, GOD OF HOSTS!

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

LIVES of a Bengal Tiger" has reached the screen shorn of its contemplative qualities and transformed into an out-and-out adventure thriller, with Good Old Mother Britain coming through grandly in the end. Perhaps that is just as well; contemplation on the talking screen usually gets itself badly tangled up, anyway. And as an adventure yarn the film turns out to be as bang-up as anything ever imprisoned between the startling covers of a pulp magazine.

Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Richard Cromwell make a lively trio as the young officers of the lancers about whom the story revolves. The former two are more or less seasoned troopers and Cromwell is a lad just out of military school, much disturbed because his father, colonel of the regiment, is so full of the empire-upon-which-the-sun-never-sets stuff that he is willing to sacrifice his own son in order to facilitate the butchering of a few Indian insurgents.

The old chap, played quite handsomely by Sir Guy Standing, has a vast pain in his bosom because the workings of empire so interferes with his natural human instincts, but he goes at his duty like a Spartan. It is only the mad recklessness of Tone and Cooper which eventually rescues the boy and wins him a decoration for valor.

The chief tempo of the film is in its action, which is pitched at a terrific tempo and kaleidoscopic in color. The climax comes within the walls of the tribal stronghold, when Cooper and Tone succeed in blowing up the ammunition the tribesmen have captured from the British, and with which they intend to liberate India from His Majesty's rule. And of course you know such things simply don't happen—yet.

But "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" is in its way Hollywood at its best—plenty of action, lots of bravado and a minimum of thinking. See it if you like motion.

"Sweet Adeline", which was a great success when the late Florenz Ziegfeld produced it on Broadway, has become another backstage musical in the hands of the Hollywooders. But it has a good deal of the amusing gaiety of the now-quaint brown derbied nineties. It exhibits Irene Dunne as a beer garden songstress who gets her big chance on Broadway with the provision that she will honor the wealthy backer of the show with her company. The young composer loves her

mightily and of course resents her attitude, which causes a misunderstanding that endures until the final five hundred feet of film. There it is miraculously wiped out and the film ends in a blaze of melody, with everybody unbelievably happy. Some of the large chorus dancing scenes are the most effective yet filmed, especially that in which the massed maidens float through the air in wavy rhythm in invisible swings.

"Grand Old Girl" is a film obviously thrown together on the supposition that because "Lady for a Day" was such a huge success, anything exhibiting May Robson as a testy old juggernaut will be likewise. The film wallows in sentimentality and ends with a piece of hokum so gross that it achieves a sort of inane magnificence. When Miss Robson is about to be ousted from her job as high school principal by crooked politicians, the president of the United States, once a pupil of hers, comes back to town and vindicates her in the eyes of the natives by speaking from a balcony with his arm around her shoulder.

Entertainment being in a rather bad way about town, your correspondent gave it up as a bad job and attended the Scott Nearing lectures. It was a complete pleasure to hear revolutionary ideas expressed without passion or jargon and with such complete and lucid clarity that only the most obtuse or the most wilfully backward of the auditors could fail to be convinced and enlightened.

SINGLE GIRL

BY MARION STURGES-JONES

YOUNG Mrs. Taylor wondered how long it would be before one of the girls dropped in to talk about last night's party. She had had a few good laughs with Harry over it, but of course that wasn't like talking to another girl.

That party! As she'd said to Harry, "That was an eye-opener, all right." She thought about it all the time she was doing her washing. Mrs. Taylor always had her wash out on

Monday mornings before anyone else in the apartment house, and the fact that she'd been up late the night before made no difference. By nine-thirty all her work was done. The last thing had been to put the Sunday papers on the fire-escape and wipe the ash trays clean; when that was accomplished, the apartment was as kempt as the rooms in a Bronx furniture store display.

Mrs. Taylor surveyed her home with a dreamy pride. She took off her cotton dress and reached for a new red crepe which Fordham Road was selling, "a copy of a Joan Crawford model". Her mind was a pleasant muddle of bright satisfaction. She thought of all her girl friends, whom she couldn't be like. "I couldn't be like Peg, lying in bed until all hours, and her place in a mess." "I couldn't be like Fran, leaving those kids of hers go dirty all day." And then, "I couldn't be like Helen, giving parties where people act so vulgar—"

Again thinking of the party, she was automatically setting the waves in her "personality bob" when the bell rang, and she did not open the door until her hair was perfect. Of course it might only be an agent, but even with an agent you felt better when you knew you were dressed right.

But it wasn't an agent; it was Fran, who lived around the corner on the Grand Concourse. Mrs. Taylor greeted her with delight. She and Harry had agreed that Fran hadn't behaved quite as refined as she should have, last night, but still and all, she hadn't been exactly vulgar or anything.

The two young wives embraced and sat down on the davenport. They didn't begin talking until Mrs. Taylor had found a jazz orchestra on the radio, and thereby established the call as a social one. Then they raised their voices above the music.

"How do you feel after the party, Jean?" began Fran. "I mean, wasn't that something?"

"I wonder how some of the others feel this morning, that's what I wonder," returned Jean.

"I know," said Fran hastily. "I feel all right, too, of course. Of course I didn't like the goings-on and I said to Ed this morning that I thought there were some people that other people could do without seeing for a while. Know what I mean? But I said to Ed, 'You know what was wrong with that party of Helen's, Ed? You know what was wrong with it from the very first?' And he said, 'What?' and I said, 'Why, it was that single girl that was there!'"

Jean said, "Her! What was her name? Lila Something! I never hope to see her again!"

"What am I telling you?" asked Fran triumphantly. "She was the one who got all the fellows going! And I'm telling you, Jean, that always happens when you begin mixing in a single girl at a party where everybody's married to everybody else!"

"Is that right?" said Jean doubtfully.

"Sure it's right! Why, you just look back on the other parties we've had. Haven't we had pretty nearly this same crowd at your house, and at my house, and hasn't Peg had them, and has any of the fellows ever started getting goaty with anybody but their wives before? But just the minute this single girl comes on the scene, what happens? Why, she isn't satisfied with Helen's brother, a nice single fellow, that brings her, no indeed, she doesn't pay any attention to him all evening! And when your Harry wants to get the men off in the dining-room for a while and talk whatever it is they talk out there, does she cooperate, as us girls that are married do?"

"That's right," said Jean. "I remember now. I remember I thought, my goodness, wouldn't you think this single girl would be thrilled at a chance to talk with a nice lot of married

girls all around her own age? I mean, you can't talk to men!"

"Who wants to?" asked Fran. "They're not so wonderful or so brilliant, are they? I wouldn't care if they stayed in the dining-room all evening! But this Lila, what does she have to do but go running out there on those skinny legs of hers and begin mussing up Helen's husband's hair!"

"I remember now," said Jean. "I remember I thought if that was Harry he'd knock her for a loop. And even later, when they all got going, did you notice that none of them got fresh with Harry or I? I said to Harry this morning, 'Honey, I said I guess we haven't got much sex-appeal!'"

"Sex-appeal!" echoed Fran. "Why, it's nothing but plain sex. And can you beat it that a single girl can stir all that up?"

MUSIC

ERNEST BACON

ONE member at least of Ernest Bacon's audience at the Denny-Watrous Gallery in Carmel Monday night was a trifle shaken at sight of his program, for the Mozart C-minor fantasia has probably never before stood alone at the beginning of a pianist's program, nor are romantic Schubert pieces often allowed to creep up into the first group.

Still and all, there's probably no real reason why the sadly large number of people who don't care much for Bach shouldn't enjoy the first half of a piano recital as well as the last, for a change. Certainly Mr. Bacon's arrangement of his program was more than justified by the quality of the attention it clearly helped him to command, an attention which was visibly and flatteringly increased when he played piano transcriptions of three of his own songs. It was very pleasant to feel the uniform and unanimous approval with which his performance was received, and it was also very pleasant not to be obliged to feel sorry for one half or the other of the audience, for the lowbrows were obviously enjoying themselves and the highbrows, no matter how determined, could find little or nothing to cavil at. Mr. Bacon cares more for music than for virtuosity, though he has an adequate, easy, free technique. His tone is beautiful and he commands a variety of color which one would be glad to hear in the playing of more widely-advertised pianists. One suspects he really cares for the piano as an instrument, for he never uses it as if it were merely a substitute for the orchestra, as do so many composers.

It looked for a while as if we were going to get through one piano recital without any Chopin; but no, after a series of sensitively performed Brahms pieces he seemed suddenly to decide it was possible to have enough Brahms and burst into the Chopin A-major polonaise. He gave a really stunning performance of this hackneyed piece so one can't hold it against him.

If you feel you must be critical, you might point out that his pedalling in the more exciting parts of the Bach-Busoni chaconne seemed to have been gauged for a larger theatre; but theatres differ a lot, and this is something impossible to judge of from the platform without experience of the acoustical changes brought about by the presence of an audience.

Judging from the extreme clarity and simple charm of most of his playing, Mr. Bacon would be the first to deprecate the thunderous sounds with which we were two or three times inundated. It is always possible to question the playing of a piano transcription of a string work, too. Certainly the performance of the Bach chaconne on the violin always leaves you with the feeling that the piece is too big for the instrument; yet the sense of struggle which is partly the result of its difficulty and certainly part of Bach's dramatic intention is lost because ordinarily it is tossed off too easily on the piano. Mr. Bacon so far escaped this pitfall that the Busoni transcription sounded a little too big even for the piano and one wished for an organ. His Mozart was far from academic and really had the poetic charm and grace to which performers of this music usually give no more than lip-service. His Schubert, of course, was Viennese perfection, and he had the good judgment not to put into the Brahms pieces enough energy to play the B-flat concerto, but kept them what they are, attractive bits of varied character. In short, it would be easy to listen to Mr. Bacon soon again.

—SIDNEY ROBERTSON

(Mrs. Robertson, of course, is not responsible for the error in Ernst Bacon's name—Editor.)

THE UNIVERSITIES

WHY A STUDENT FORUM

BY JOSEPH BARAS

CENSORSHIP is an odious word to most of us. We have always been proud to boast of the American liberties, deep rooted in the tradition of the "land of the free and the home of the brave". So it comes as a shock when we realize that we are faced with a real censorship which threatens to get a stranglehold. Two concrete illustrations will show what we mean.

Early last semester a meeting was arranged for Francis Gorman, leader of the recent textile strike, in the Y. W. C. A. cottage. Certain organizations decided that it would be better if Gorman didn't speak. To be sure, some might claim that since Gorman was a national figure, and had led one of the biggest strikes in labor history, it might be of educational value to learn why half a million workers went out on strike. Perhaps Gorman had fought for better living conditions for half a million men and women; he had also interfered with the profits of several hundred mill owners. Very bad for business. Men like that should not be allowed to speak; not if our patriotic organizations could help it. The Y. W. C. A. is dependent on the Community Chest for funds. The patriotic organizations have enough influence seriously to hamper the collection of funds in the Community Chest drive. The Community Chest is also dependent upon the local newspaper for publicity. The students were notified that as a result of outside pressure the meeting would have to be called off. They pleaded that it was too late for them to get another hall, that their publicity for the meeting was already out. Finally, as a special

dispensation, the meeting was allowed to go on. But next time—

Late last semester a group of students tried to engage Wilkins hall to hold a meeting to organize the Students' Rights Association. The owner of the building is a kindly old lady who earns her living by renting the hall as a dance hall. She said that she was sorry, but she couldn't rent us the hall. Some of her patrons refused to do business with her if she rented out the hall for "radical" meetings. She had lost too much money last time she rented the hall for a student meeting. Besides, the anonymous phone calls advising her not to rent the hall had frightened her. She sympathized with our point of view, she said, but after all she had to earn a living.

These two instances are typical. A proverb tells us that there is more than one way to skin a cat. There is more than one kind of censorship. At present there is no adequate hall in Berkeley that can be rented to present certain speakers. That is why the use of the university facilities for a student forum is now a practical necessity.

It may be argued that the university is no place for student meetings. Dr. Spoul tells us that, after all, freedom of speech does not concern the students alone, but concerns the students, the faculty, and the state; and the state represented by the board of regents and the administration has the final word. We assume from this that he means it may be to the interest of the state to prevent freedom of speech. The validity of this argument depends largely upon what the concept is of what the university should be and what the welfare of the state represents. We are inclined to believe that the university should prepare us better to meet the problems of the world outside, to prepare us better to serve the interests of humanity at large. If this is true, we see no reason why we should be assiduously sheltered from one point of view, while another is constantly kept before us. We are supposed to be intellectuals, and as such capable of coming to reasonable conclusions after hearing both sides. Nor do we see why it serves the interest of the state to keep us in ignorance, if the welfare of the state is synonymous with the greatest good for the greatest number.

Dr. Deutsch tells us that freedom of speech must be regulated to prevent the dissemination of partisan propaganda. This point would be quite valid provided one thing, that to any administration, or any class, were granted powers of infallibility from God to distinguish between truth and partisan propaganda. Apparently at Santa Clara they consider the statement of the college editor that students have nothing to gain in war partisan propaganda.

This is supposed to be a rational and scientific age. The concept of rule by divine right was supposed to have died in the eighteenth century. With all due respect, there are some powers we prefer not to grant the administration merely upon faith. We are seeking a democratically controlled student forum.

Our greatest remorse is not for our sins, but for our stupidities.

—George Moore

The Sargasso Sea, famed in legend as the "graveyard of lost ships", contains 10,000,000 tons of floating seaweed. This figure was arrived at through recent researches carried on by Prof. A. E. Parr, of the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory at Yale University, which, in cooperation with the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, has been collecting data on the distribution and abundance of the drifting Sargasso weeds in the North Atlantic Ocean.

—Science News Letter

BOOKS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by John Cowper Powys. (Simon & Schuster)

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by H. G. Wells. (Macmillan)

(Reviewed by Aileen Strong)

Recently two men born over sixty years ago wrote their autobiographies. There are certain points of resemblance between these two autobiographers: they were born of old English stock; they earned their living and supported their families by writing and lecturing; life is of tremendous interest to each of them; but from there on they go into the field of contrast and as a study of such they offer the reader a singular opportunity to enjoy himself as he views two opposing worlds, to question his own values against such different ones and to ponder on the way purposes and values seem to direct one's life. To Wells the world is a human society requiring the application of the science of sociology that men may have a richer, fuller, and happier life. The discovery of the means of controlling the drift of life and the study of the necessary changes in the directive structure of society that it may progress rather than decay has been his first interest. Powys recognizes the need for a better economic position for the masses but the primary interest is not in obtaining this end but in searching for those values which are outside of science and of the immediate world. The exterior life is secondary; imaginative sensuality, the mystery of the elements, the poetry, the color of the universe are the primary values. In quoting Blake who says, "He who does not prefer form to color is a coward," Powys extols color as most important. It is that something that "one sinks into like an erotic fourth dimension." Wells would agree with Blake. Organizing, giving form to human relationships in a plan for a world state has been the motivating force of his life. He is aware of the wonder of the world, and at times is called "to go out and look at the immensities" but for him there is nothing to be done with them; he can concern himself only with the scientifically demonstrable, with the objective world which Powys distrusts and which he regards only as the material stage for playing whatever romantic, picturesque, or fantastical role a person's life-illusion may arbitrarily select."

Both Wells and Powys derived from the middle class; Wells from the lower middle class and Powys from the upper. Wells' father was a second gardener turned unsuccessful shopkeeper and his mother was a lady's maid who found herself unadapted to the role of managing a family on a bare subsistence level. A broken leg gave young Bertie an opportunity to read and a taste for an intellectual life. A precocious brain and a teacher who needed a pupil to earn grants made it possible for him to desert the draper's apprenticeship which his family had thought so worthy a beginning for a young man. A course with Huxley added fuel to his mind, burning with curiosity and later the pressing need to support himself and his wife started him on the road to a career in letters. A scientific spirit and a keen interest in contemporary thought encouraged him to seek and to plan for a society where man would be economically and sexually liberated and in which a world state would assure him peace.

Powys had the traditional education of his class: a good public school and then Cambridge. From the latter he carried away little, he says, but "the formidable mental power of

hiding up "his real identity until he was alone with himself and then of pouring forth his whole soul into such inanimate things he would encounter on the lonely roads. His father, like his own father before him, was an Anglican minister with a deep love for Nature which made him despise any scientific analysis of her. He is pictured as dignified and formidable in manner and simple in the extreme in tastes, the one character in the book touched with greatness. Unlike Wells, Powys does not even mention his mother nor is there any reference to his wife other than to say his marriage was fortunate. This omission leaves the reader with many questions in his mind and reminds him of a statement of Wells—i.e., that if biographies were written all out no one would read novels. Wells experiments in writing all out and attempts to give a complete picture of himself as the one person of whose reaction to the world he can be sure. His autobiography is a case in point as it surpasses in interest that of his novels. Not so Powys. He is honest and even over-anxious to impress on his reader through endless repetitions his sexual vagaries and what he calls his vices; but he omits and emphasizes by the omission an important side of his nature. Powys' novels for this reason, and too, because they follow a more closely knit pattern, though equally magnificent in verbosity, are more successful in form and in self-revelation.

Wells gives more than a picture of himself in relation to his world. He includes well-drawn sketches of men whom he had known as friends, associates, or whom he had observed in political life. Frank Harris, Gissing, Arnold Bennett are among the best drawn. His observations on world politics are often illuminating and make up for some of the tedious pages in which he analyzes his books. His comparison of Balfour and Lenin in which he said that they both used, for their own ends, creeds in which they did not wholeheartedly believe: Lenin using Marxism to bring about a new order, and Balfour using Christianity to preserve the old for the protection of his class; and his contrast of Stalin and Roosevelt were highlights in a book whose interest was well sustained.

These two books might well go on the shelf together and reveal to the reader two aspects of his world: the objective and the subjective, but it is beyond the imagination of this reviewer to see the authors long in the same room together. The individual who made himself a citizen of the world and who thinks of himself as a common man of ordinary brain with sanity which comes from scientific method of thought would have little patience with the genius, conscious of supernatural powers of malevolence and benevolence who emphasizes his uniqueness and who considers himself insane with the madness of the mystic to whom the commonplace is immoral and for whom the ecstasy of existence is the only truth.

"I LIKE THE WAY IT BEGINS"

THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH, by Franz Werfel. (Viking Press) \$3

"How did I get here?"

Gabriel Bagradian really spoke these solitary words without knowing it. Nor did they frame a question, but something indefinite, a kind of ceremonious amazement, which filled every inch of him. The clear glitter of this Sunday in March may have inspired it, in this Syrian spring, which shepherded flocks of giant anemones down along the flanks of Musa Dagh and far out across the irregular plain of Antioch. Everywhere their bright blood sprang from the meadow

slopes, stifling the more reticent white of big narcissi, whose time had also come. A golden invisible humming seemed to have encased the mountain.

Were these the vagrant swarms of the hives of Kebussiye, or was it the surge of the Mediterranean, audible in the bright transparency of the hour, eroding the naked back of Musa Dagh? The uneven road wound upwards, in and out among fallen walls. Then, where it suddenly ended in heaps of stone it narrowed out into a sheep track. He had come to the top of the outer slope.

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS, by Hugh Walpole. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

"What a beautiful evening!" Fanny Carlisle said to the little lady who was standing beside her.

It was one of her impetuous moments and, as was always the case, she instantly regretted her impetuosity. How odd the lady must think her, speaking to her thus in the middle of Bordon's, without any reason at all!

And yet she did not appear to mind.

"Yes, is it not?" she said, looking up and smiling. "So early in April, and so warm."

THE PERMANENT HORIZON, A New Search for Old Truths, by Ludwig Lewisohn... (Harper & Bros.) \$2.50

It is a not unamiable American characteristic that we are a little shamefaced and ill at ease in the presence of the right and significant names of profound and important things. In the best Americans, moreover, this initial resistance has been rendered more acute by the use of falsely-elevated verbiage in the brash mouths of convention chairmen and college presidents and even cheer-leaders.

Hence in both the spoken and the written word we rarely come upon any definition or description in any tangible term of that universal mark of our time which the French call "inquiétude humaine."

And the French, who are, once you leave their childish politics and patriotism, a truly humanistic people, mean the adjective "human" in this connection and mean by their excellent phrase that a deep disquiet, a deep inner discomfort, has more and more attacked the race and, most visibly and acutely from our point of view, Western Man.

ROMAN SPRING MEMOIRS, by Mrs. Winthrop Chanler
Mrs. Chanler is the sister of F. Marion Crawford and niece of Julia Ward Howe. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$3

"My father, Luther Terry, left Connecticut in 1883 to study art in Rome. He was 20 years old. He was born and brought up on a farm near Hartford, at the old Terry homestead where the family had lived since earliest Colonial times. They claimed descent on the distaff side from the patriarchal Governor Bradford, who came to America in the Mayflower.

The Terry's had never grown rich; many of them were parsons; one of them made wooden clocks, now prized by collectors of Americana. My father's name was Luther; he had a brother who bore the name of Calvin, which shows which way the winds of doctrine blew in the family. Calvin and a third brother, James, were both Presbyterian ministers.

SUNSHINE PREFERRED, by Anne Ellis. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) \$2

"It's what we 'ain't got,' not what we have, that makes us happy." —A.E.

"My soul! I believe it's an intelligence test."

"Yes," whispered Neita, "it does sound like an I. Q."

"Do you suppose," I gasped anxiously, "every patient entering a sanatorium has to pass such a test?"

Without giving her a chance to answer, I went on peevishly,

"I'm telling you right now I positively refuse to take one of the fool things. I've read about them and know I couldn't pass. I just won't, that's—"

"Hush, don't worry, everything will be all right," Neita said soothingly. "Let's listen and perhaps we can learn something."

So we sat on the narrow bed—Neita calm, quiet, I tense, breathing heavily—listening to the perfectly audible voices coming through the thin partition.

A man's voice, young, cultured, slow, deeply interested, propounded the questions while the girl's voice flippantly answered them; usually correctly, and when she was not sure, so cleverly that she seemed right.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEWS BETTER THAN OTHERS

Sir: Your recent article, "Perfidy of the Press" gave me considerable pleasure.

I have read the Examiner and the wretched Chronicle not without suffering these last few years, and it is fine to discover a word of protest, and that actually in a Coast weekly, from a fellow-sufferer.

I think, however, you must excuse the News from any charge of tinkering with the Call-Bulletin story. I remember reading a good UP dispatch there with the proper headline. Then, being curious, I turned to the Call-Bulletin, and as I remember, their INS handled it fairly honestly.

I find the only reliable paper in the city is the News. Certainly it is the only sheet that in the recent election did not lose its head and all semblance to decency. And when one comes right down to it, it is probably the only "newspaper" in the city.

San Francisco

Edward L. Bacon, Jr.

READS HIM WRONG

Sir: Twice, recently, in his column in the Examiner, O. O. McIntyre has been critical of what he calls H. G. Wells' decadence or Marxist tendencies, which he finds revealed in the autobiography. Could it be that O. O. nodded as he read? How otherwise would he translate an outspoken distaste for the man's theories into praise? Wells states that he did not come into contact with Marx' ideas until he had a year of science and so could estimate "its plausible, mystical, and dangerous ideas of reconstructing the world on a basis of mere resentment and destruction" which was in no sense creative or curative, and that Marx' snobbish hatred of the bourgeoisie amounted to a mania. Again he criticizes Marx for his lack of inventiveness and for his distrust in planning. We should be far nearer a sanely organized world today, says Wells, if Marx had never lived. Is that going Marxist? Nor does Wells sympathize with Marx' emphasis on the proletariat. In his vision of a scientifically organized society Wells foresees the middle class incorporating the class above and that below. Lenin called him incurably middle-class. The only instance of agreement with Marx was when he criticized the socialists of that period: Shaw, Morris, the Webbs, and the rest—for not seeing that conditions had not always been as they were at the time, nor would they continue to remain the same. Marx saw that changes in the world order were inevitable.

I can see no basis in this to call Wells a Marxist. Perhaps the master's fear has descended on the columnist and all ideas are suspect. One does not have to hold a brief for Wells or Marx to wonder.

San Francisco

Aileen Strong

VISITING FIREMAN

Inspects Carmel's Shops

It isn't up to a visiting fireman to tell you Carmelites what your shops are spreading before widening eyes, but the hope smoulders that by-ways and hedges of outlying districts hold some people who have not checked up on you lately in this matter of surprising and worthwhile things to buy being offered.

THE AZTEC SHOP has gone the last step in making memorable the food you serve to admiring cronies—or perhaps they are arch-enemies of today whom you intend to change by this means to turtle doves of tomorrow. Dinner service of black Tarascan ware gaily decorated in primitive colors is the answer.

This clever Mexican pottery, of which no two pieces are alike in decoration, cannot be had in quantity at sight and you may have to wait for your dozen. The pottery is made to your order in Guadalajara at the instance of Mr. Paul D. R. Ruthling, manager of the AZTEC SHOP. He can arrange colorful combinations for you in the same kind of ware by bringing on soup plates, for example, of luscious green to stand out startlingly against service plates of glittering black. There are salad plates, too, and odd platters.....Two dollars each is dinner-plate price. You'd better get the campaign under way, for a month or so is needed to get this individuality of yours into pottery form.

Shining full moons of burnished copper reflect on THE CORNER CUPBOARD walls single branches of red berries thrust into globe-shaped cups put knowingly at the lower right of these brilliantly good wall-pieces. One of these willingly lights for you by day a dull corner that otherwise would respond only to candle-light. With justifiable confidence three dollars is asked for this satisfying gadget.

Real "Hoot, mon!" plaids authentically Scotch are being woven at this very moment by Mrs. Fraser of FRASER LOOMS into shaker towels. Astonish your cocktail friends next Tuesday at five by wrapping your silver shaker in gay sure-nuff MacLeod or Stewart plaid. The MacLeod, Mrs. Fraser says, is especially rare. Neckties, too, can be had for gents in these same plaids. A Campbell or a MacIntyre woven to a gal's order is a grand birthday notion. And if He is Family you can snatch this tie from his rack when he is looking the other way and wear it with riding clothes. Towels are \$2.40 and ties \$3.

If you love to putter about your own studio or if you like to be picturesque in Just a House while doing dull things, look into the smock situation at THE CINDERELLA SHOP. Flame-color brings out the gypsy in you, while cleverly-puffed sleeves lend grace to

them thar elbows. Smocks that button down the back offer in front capacious pockets for pencils, yarns or paint-brushes, depending on what your leanings are. Janet Prentiss, owner of the shop, will fill orders for these smocks designed and made, she says, by a former Stanford girl who even concocts her own root dyes. The price of the flame-colored masterpiece, double cross-stitching and all, is \$6.95.

People with plenty of food in the pantry and a pleasant table to eat it from travel, we learn, by foot and by stage to have lunch at THE BLUEBIRD TEA-ROOM which by sheer excellence, it would seem, has survived eleven long years that have seen in other places the decline and fall of many a worthy eating-joint...So many of their friends, the faithful contend, are always at the Bluebird come high noon...Tea and dinner are also served, and a combination breakfast at 35 cents and 50 cents lure out Bluebird's early worms.

ANNA KATZ had year-round Carmelites in mind when she stocked some special jersey frocks, two-piece, at the unheard-of price of \$7.50. Unheard-of, that is, in her shop of high-class things to wear from Russia, France and Hungary, and she stresses the point that the quality and supply of these remain the same. It's just that she thought you'd like something warm but not stodgy to ply to and from the post office in these bright but nippy pre-Spring days. Miss Katz has these well-made jerseys in wine-red and leaf-green and she can have their makers put one together for you at the same price in French and navy blue as well as in shades much lighter for later summer wear.

You can't have a first baby but once, you know, and THE PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE plays up to this fundamental truth admirably. The Precious, Precious Fing deserves and should have petticoat slips from Guam, of fairy cob-web texture embroidered in what simply must have been loving stitches. Dresses to wear over these have midget turn-down collars for boys to prepare the young man, supposedly, for his first white-collar job. Slips are \$1.75 and dresses \$1.95. If any second baby gets either of these bought for him he's good, that's all!

And how about a cookie-jar? It is daffodil-yellow, fat like a barrel and has a grand lid you have to peer under before you know whether they're peanut cookies or fig-and-date. BONHAM'S INC. has a bright array of red, green, yellow and blue pottery for good, solid service placed just at the entrance to this store's inner content of varied hardware and things of allied use. You can get yourself a cookie jar to dip into from time to time, for \$2.25.

BOOKS

Published by

The Seven Arts

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

Carmel

California

MR. BUNT (Forest Theater Prize Play)

By Rem Remsen

CARMEL—AT WORK AND PLAY

By Daisy Bostick and Dorothea Castelhun

CROSS TRAILS AND CHAPPARAL

By Eunice T. Gray

SWORDS OF THE GRASS

By Dora Hagemeyer

HERE YOU HAVE ME

By Robert Roe

TOWARD MAN

By D. Rudyar

LOBOS: POEMS

By Jeanne D'Orge

"TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM"

BY W. K. BASSETT

This story of a newspaperman's life, told frankly, vividly, with no quarter for himself or for the newspapers for which he worked, will start in

PACIFIC WEEKLY FEBRUARY 15

Bassett will tell of his experiences and his reactions during twenty-eight years in which he went up from cub reporter to owner of a daily, and back down again to assistant to a suburban copyreader.

He will take you into the news rooms of 17 newspapers in six American cities—

**OAKLAND
NEW YORK**

**SAN FRANCISCO
BOSTON**

**HONOLULU
PROVIDENCE**

and he will tell you the truth about those newspapers; how news is manufactured, distorted and suppressed; how the public is misled; how "sacred cows" are protected from publicity, advertisers placated, and enemies persecuted.

He will also give you the joyful side of it, the "romance" as the public sees it; that aura which is openly sneered at by the newspaperman but which secretly is his only compensation in an otherwise thankless and poorly-paid job.

IT WILL BE AN ABSORBING STORY